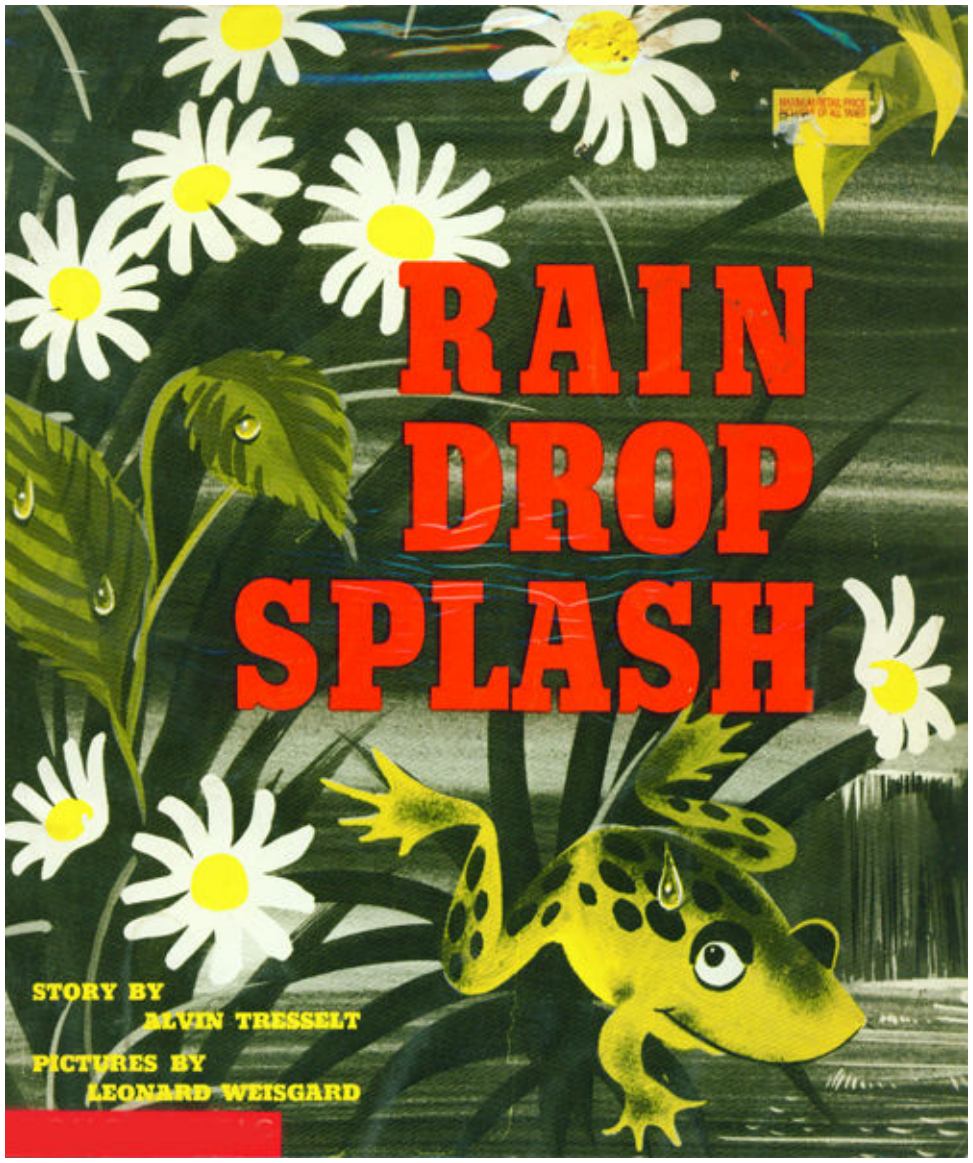

RAIN
DROP
SPLASH
STORY BY
ALVIN TRESSELT
PICTURES BY
LEONARD WEISGARD

# RAIN DROP SPLASH

STORY BY ALVIN TRESSELT

PICTURES BY LEONARD WEISGARD

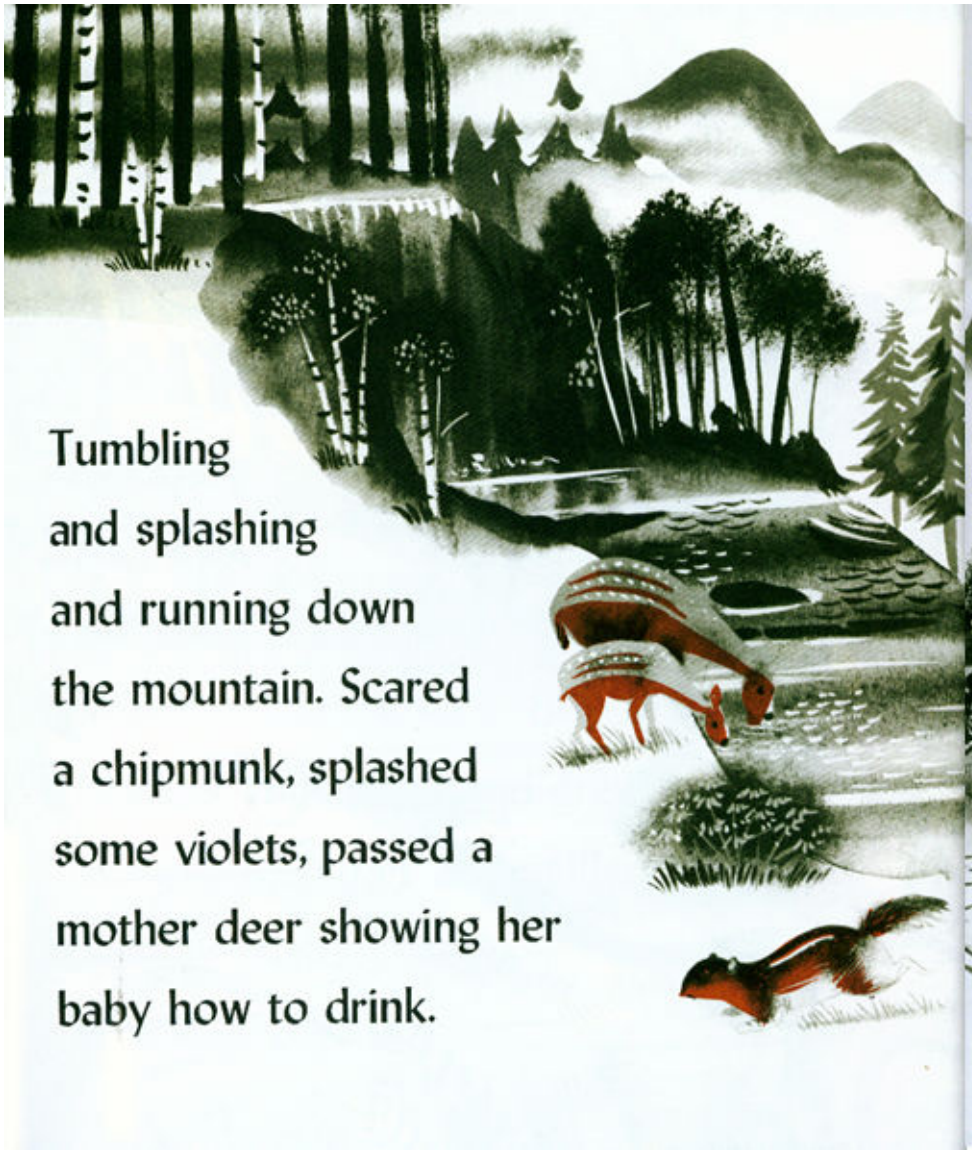
Drip drop splash,
drip drop splash,
drip drop splash
went the rain all day.

Dripped from the shiny leaves, dropped from a rabbit's nose, splashed from a brown bear's tail.

Fell from a daisy's face, trickled down the tree trunks, and splunked on a green frog's back.

There were so many rain drops
they made a puddle.
The puddle grew larger, and
larger, and larger, until it
became a pond. Water-lilies
floated on it, little fish
swam in it, and tiny snails
sat beside it.

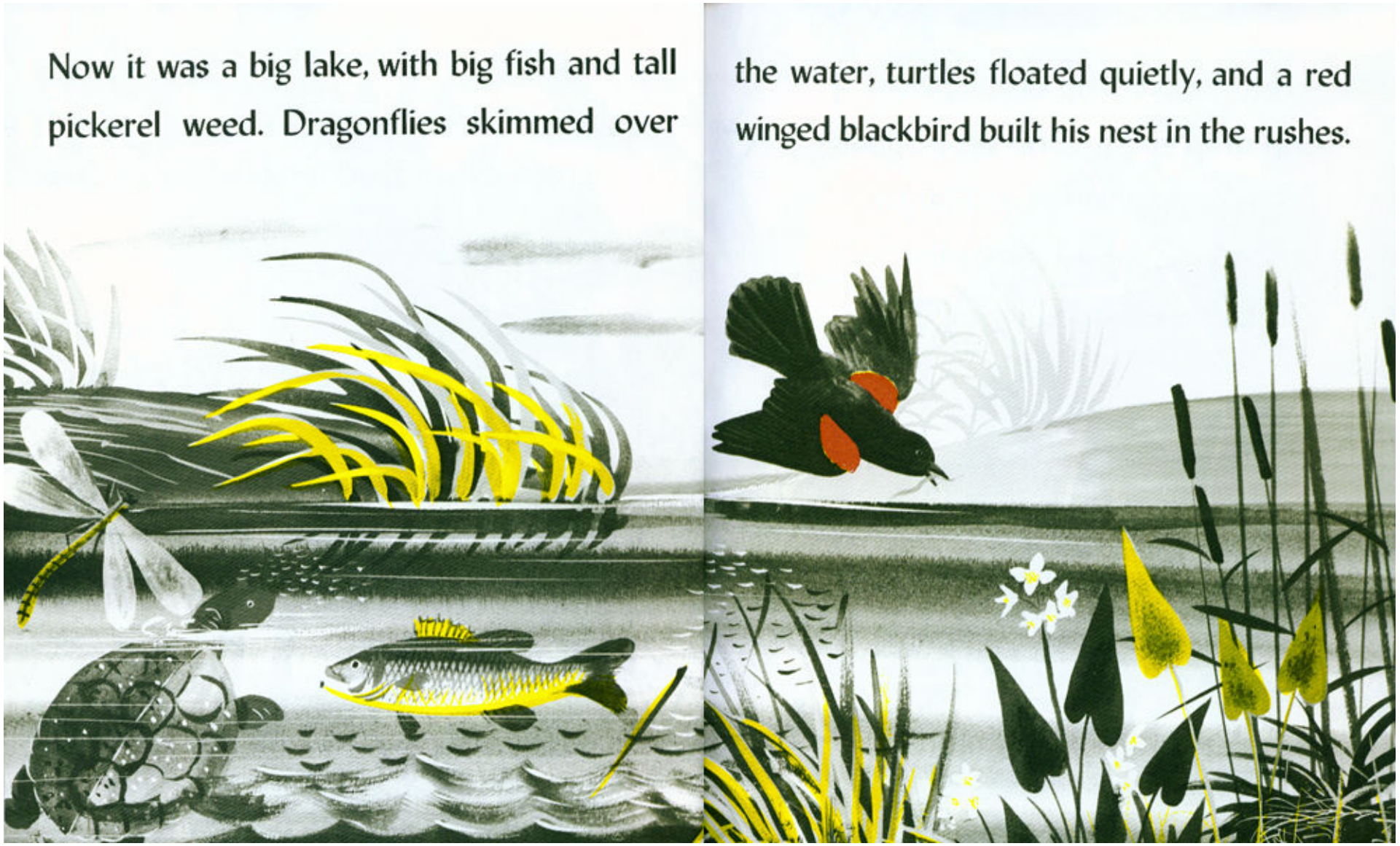
Still it rained. Drip
drop splash, drip drop splash,
drip drop splash.
The little pond grew larger and
larger and spilled right over
into a brook.



Tumbling
and splashing
and running down
the mountain. Scared
a chipmunk, splashed
some violets, passed a
mother deer showing her
baby how to drink.

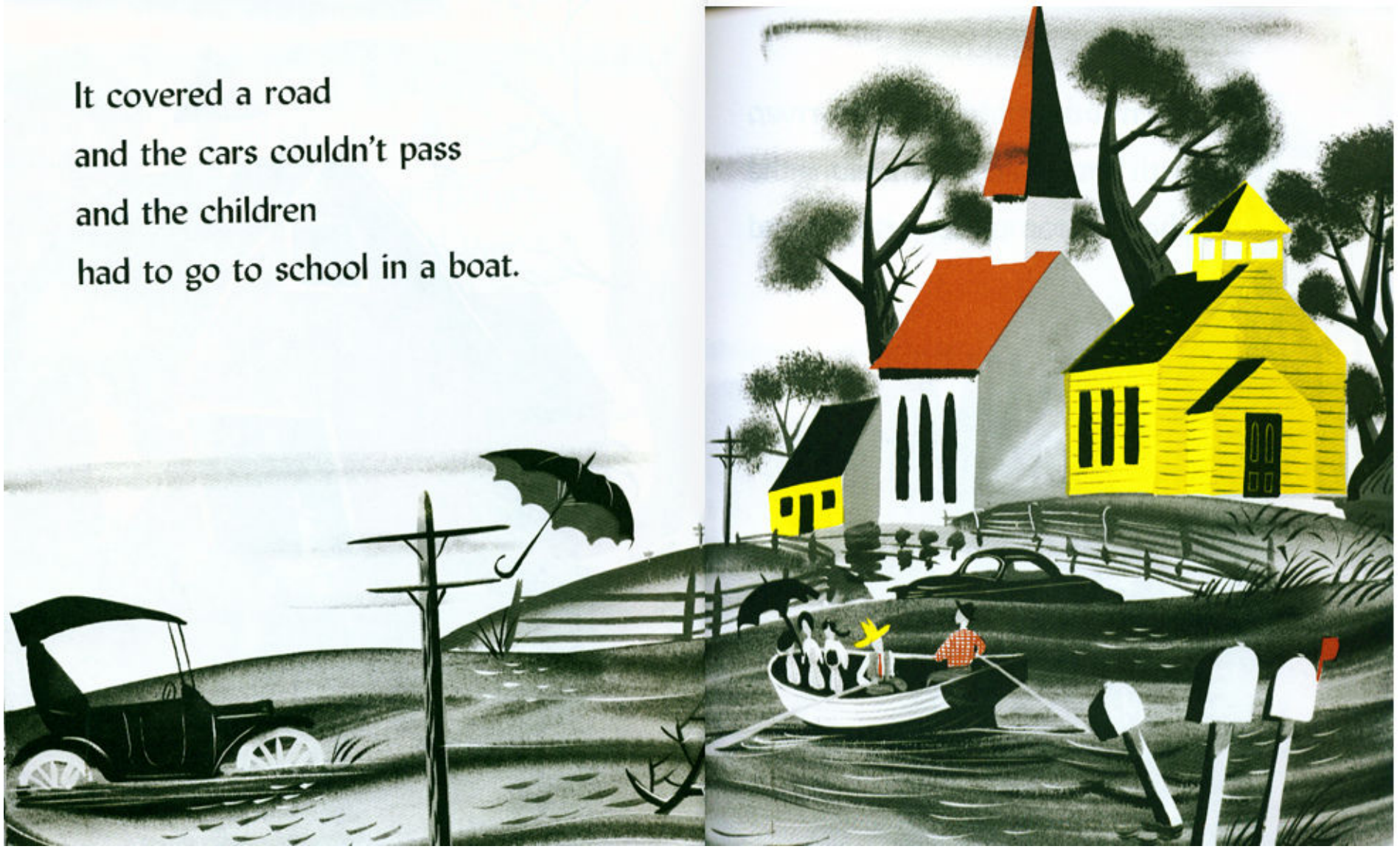
Jumped over big stones, fell into
deep pools, and rested on a bed of soft
green moss. Then tumbled into a lake.

Now it was a big lake, with big fish and tall pickerel weed. Dragonflies skimmed over the water, turtles floated quietly, and a red winged blackbird built his nest in the rushes.

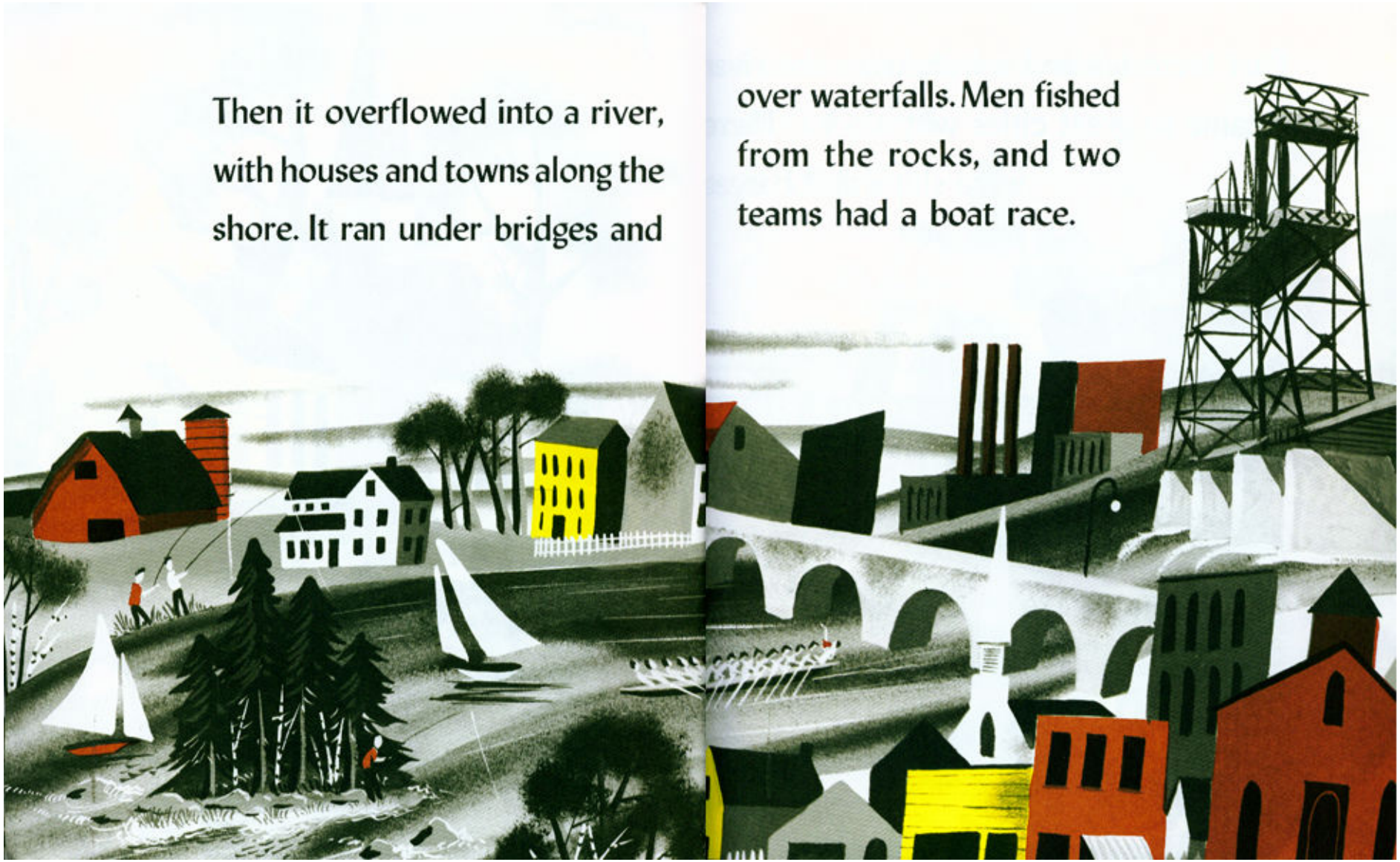


Still it rained. Drip drop splash,
drip drop splash, drip drop splash.
The lake grew larger and larger.
It flooded a farmer's meadow
and the cows stood in the mud.

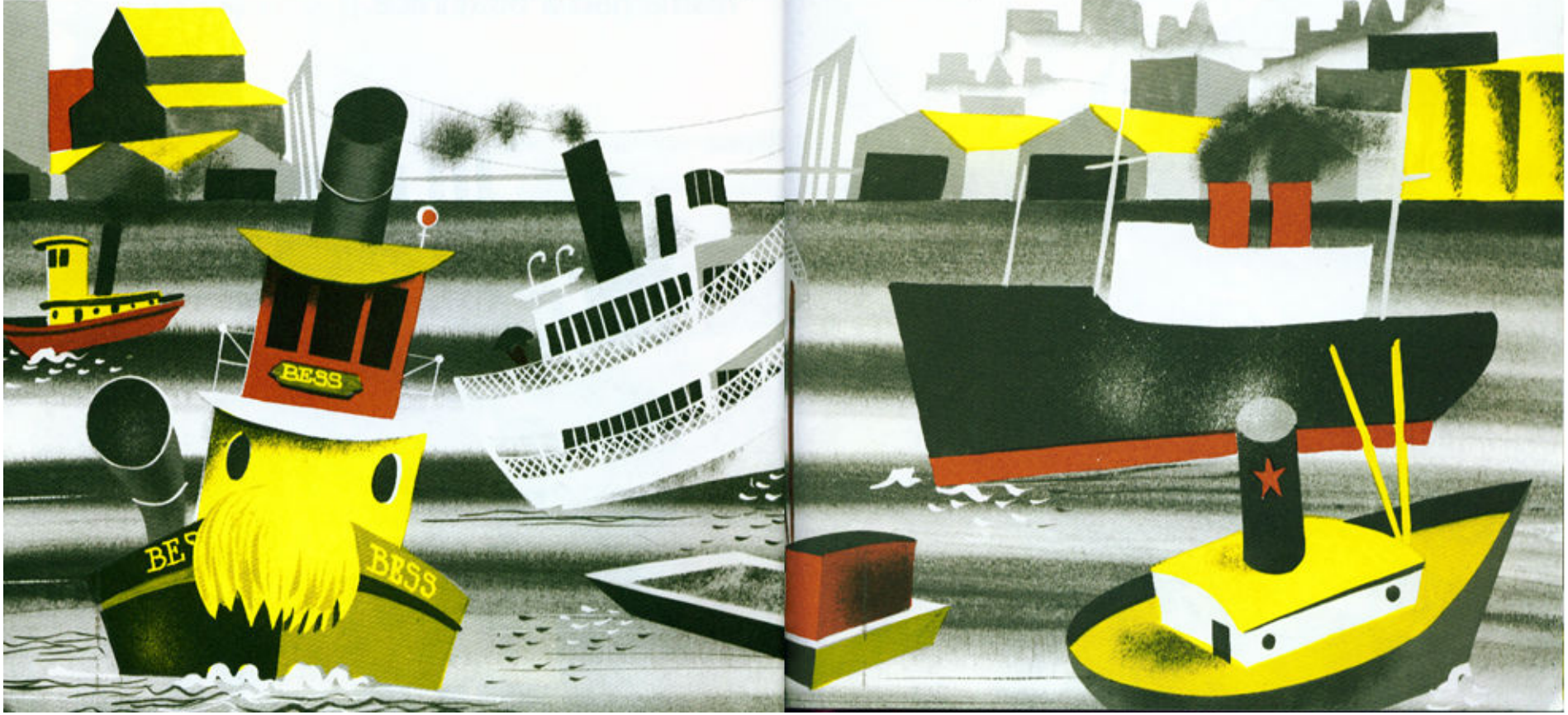
It covered a road
and the cars couldn't pass
and the children
had to go to school in a boat.



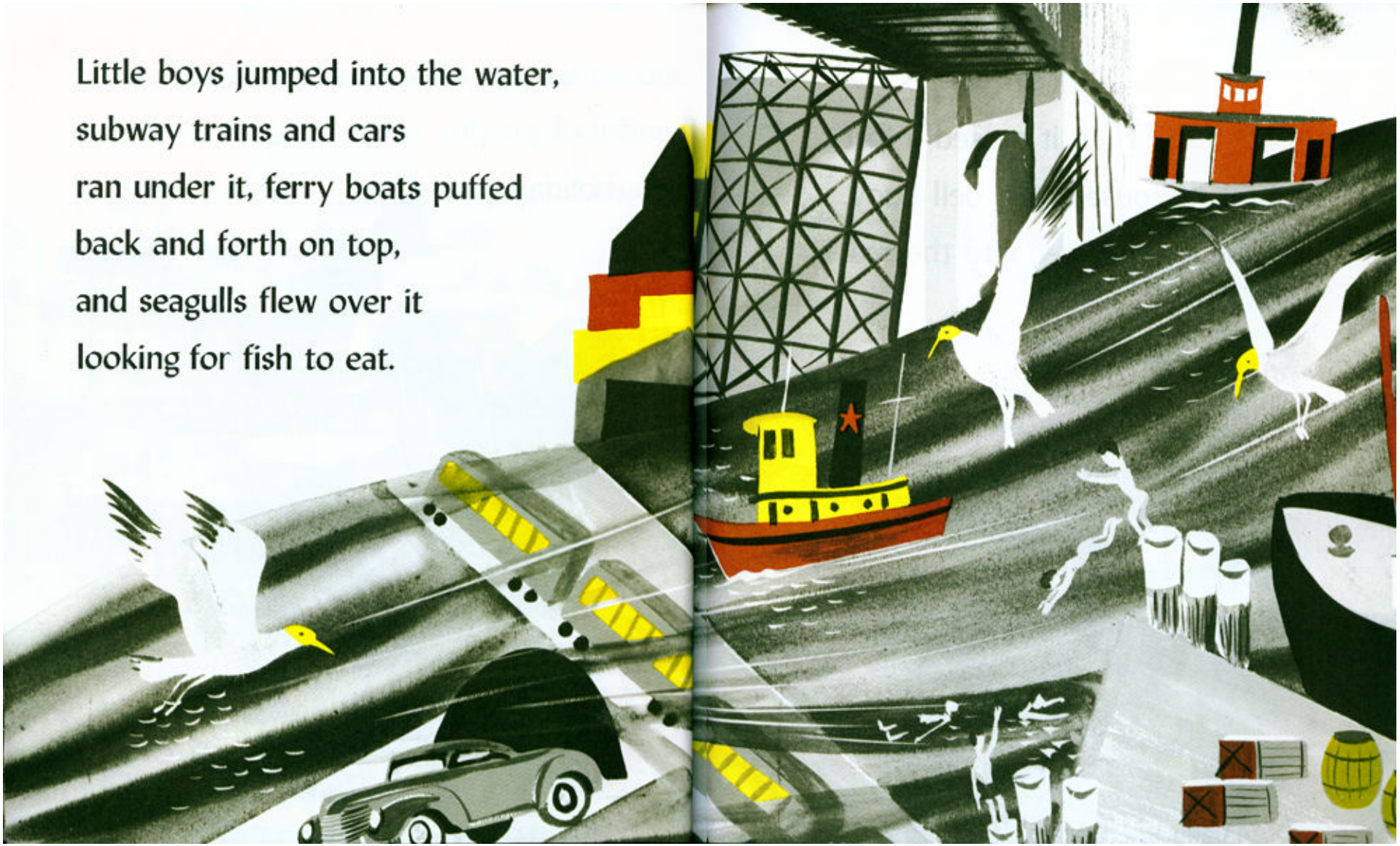
Then it overflowed into a river, with houses and towns along the shore. It ran under bridges and over waterfalls. Men fished from the rocks, and two teams had a boat race.



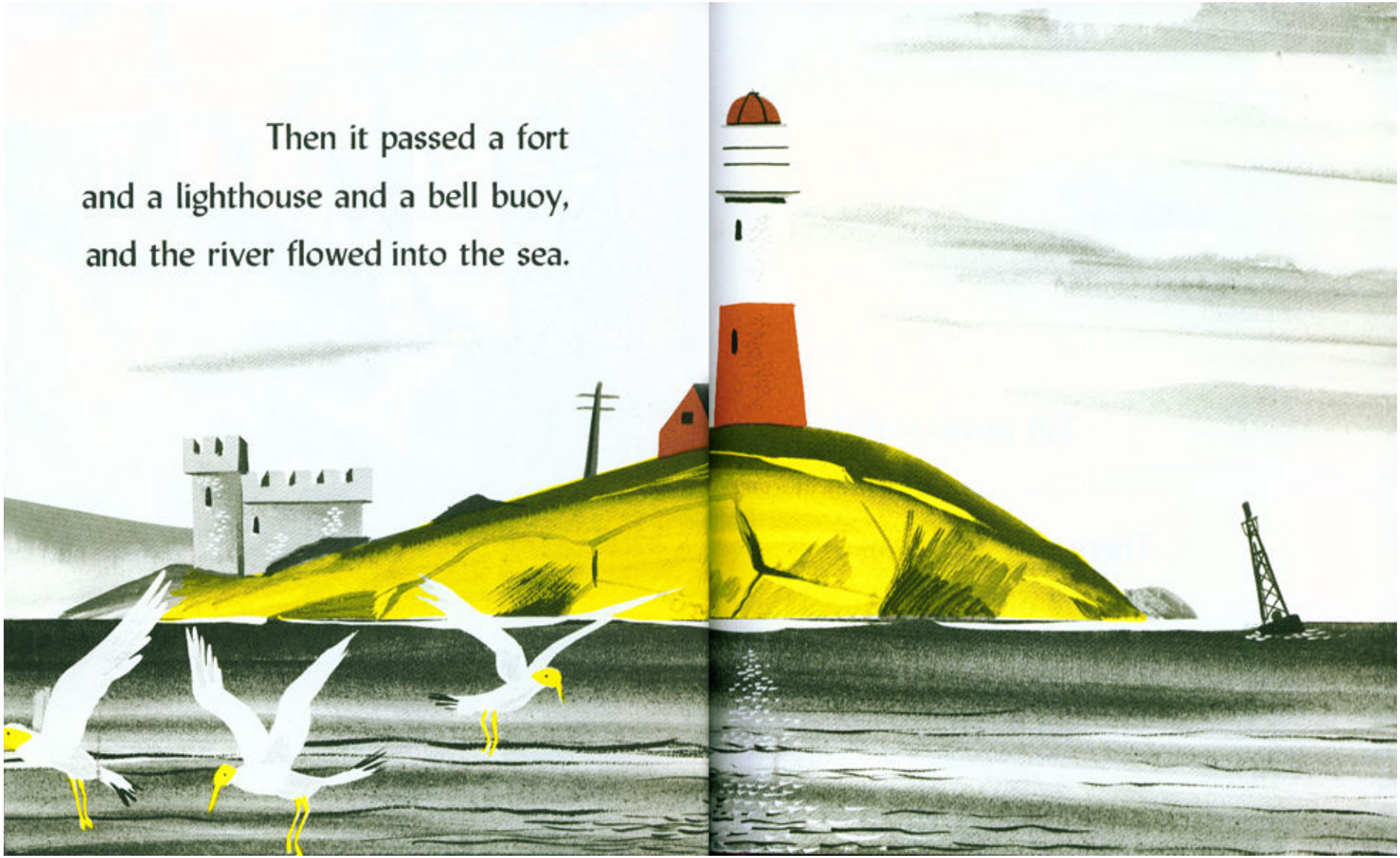
Past factories and warehouses, the river and scows and tankers, and a
came to great cities with docks. There boatful of people
were ships and barges on a holiday.



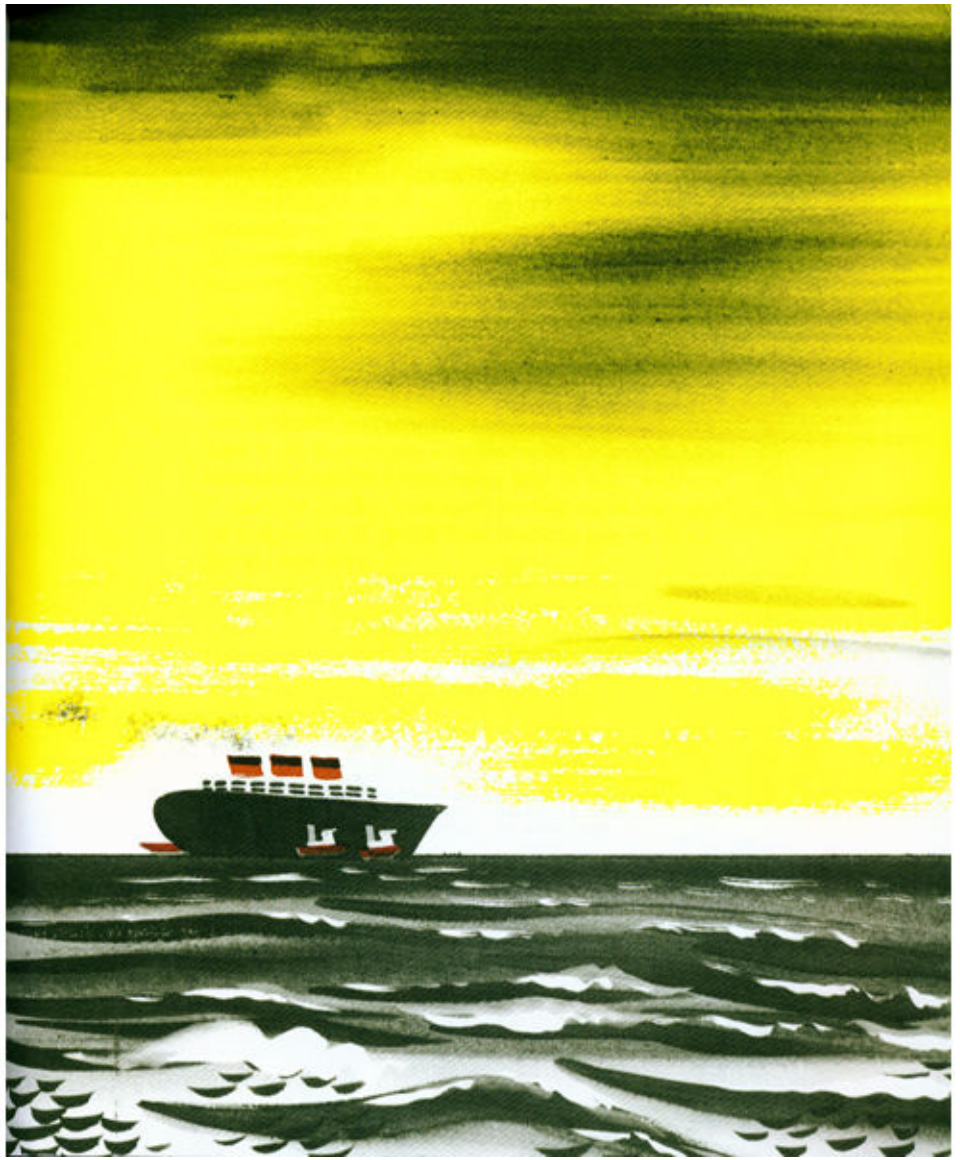
Little boys jumped into the water,
subway trains and cars
ran under it, ferry boats puffed
back and forth on top,
and seagulls flew over it
looking for fish to eat.



Then it passed a fort
and a lighthouse and a bell buoy,
and the river flowed into the sea.



Tall waves rolled up
to meet it.
There was an ocean liner
with lots of little tug boats
guiding it. The sun came out,
and at last the rain stopped.



## Afterword

RAIN DROP SPLASH started out as a mountain stream named Hyacinth, and I was going to follow her down the mountain until she eventually reached the sea. But somewhere along the journey my personified brook got hopelessly lost, and I realized that this approach would never work. I then decided to "tell it like it is," and I traced the rain falling on a mountainside and making its way to the sea in a completely realistic manner. I accomplished this in less than five hundred words. The story was accepted, and Leonard Weisgard was asked to illustrate it. As a result, my very first book for children was named a Caldecott Medal Honor Book in 1947, and from it countless children have been learning about the natural progression of rainfall from brook to lake to river to the sea ever since.